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To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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LA VIE PARISIENNE

By A. K. CHESTERTON

CHANNEL Four T.V.'s current "68/88" season is looking back to the political upheavals of 1968. It purports to examine the "ideals" fought for and to look at their impact on society. Here, our founder, A.K. Chesterton, offers a more trenchant analysis of the revolutionary agitation of 1968 and seeks to uncover its hidden promoters.

THE turbulence sweeping over the world has many facets but it is possible, as I hope to show, to probe deep enough into its origins to discover what may well prove to be the *real* esoteric motivation of the promoters of havoc.

First, however, it is useful to examine the mindlessness or wild unreason—call it what you will—which provided, as it were, the exploitable hysteria needed for the furtherance of this hidden purpose.

We can achieve our object by looking at the student "revolt" in Paris through Bloomsbury's eyes, because Mr. Paul Johnson, editor of the *New Statesman*, is an even more egregious exponent of political unreason, indeed imbecility, than was Mr. Kingsley Martin.

In the paper's issue of May 10 reference is made to the fighting which broke out after the closing of the Sorbonne. "In no time at all the demonstration turned into a riot; students tore up chunks of macadam and broke paving stones for missiles, not only to throw at the gendarmes but to smash shop windows. Car tyres were slashed and buses were immobilised, and normal traffic brought to a standstill".

SAVAGE!

The Paris gendarmerie, incredible though it may seem to the Bloomsbury pundits, did not enjoy being at the receiving end of paving stone missiles, and—savage creatures that they are—not only defended themselves but counter-attacked to restore public order

Consequently the next week's *New Statesman*, under the heading "Night of the Long Batons" carried an article by Paul Johnson in which almost every other paragraph was a shrill shriek of rage about "police brutality". The soulless gendarmes, it would seem, should have regarded it as a high honour to be selected as Aunt Sallies for the throwers of paving stones. They should have stood by to cheer as each pane of glass in the shop frontages was smashed. They should have danced with joy as the car tyres were slashed or the vehicles set alight, and regarded with satisfaction the long tramp to distant suburbs which awaited the weary citizens for whom no transport was available.

Then came a swift change of mood. Weakness in high places made it appear that victory lay with the students and at once the rage in the Johnsonian heart gave way to ecstasy. He told his readers how disturbed he had been that the French had not made a unique contribution to the militant student movement in Prague, Warsaw, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, the United States and Britain. "I need not have worried", he wrote (just think of the poor fellow worrying about it!). "When the moment came in France it was all the more explosive for having been delayed. The French movement, now that it has broken the surface, is seen to be far more sophisticated than its equivalent elsewhere; more deeply grounded in philosophical principles, more adult in its grasp of the strategy and tactics of political action; more violent—much more violent—coming from a race which respects intransigence and pronounces lovingly the words of Danton: *De l'audace, toujours l'audace.* Above all, the French movement has *style*, a certain elegant flourish to all that it does, which catches the heart and makes one appreciate that politics is not just a utilitarian science, but also an art, whose satisfactions are aesthetic as well as moral".

BALDERDASH

Now this pretentious and pernicious balderdash, nauseating, though it be, is nevertheless important because it is a clear sympton of the sickness which is destroying Western civilization.

Just apply what the *poseur* of revolution, the *diléttanté* of violence has written with what his paper has reported. The smashing of shop frontages, what audacity! The slashing of car tyres, what panache! The burning of buses, which are the motorcars of the poor, what style! The piling up of mountains of garbage in the streets of Paris because of the strike of the dustmen, what elegance, what nourishment for the ecstatic Johnsonian smell-buds! The young gendarmes struck down by cobblestones, what a pretty sight, what artistry, what profound aesthetic and moral satisfactions for this outrageous Bloomsbury prig!

But when the police, moving through the smoke and flames and general litter to restore order out of chaos, are obliged to draw their truncheons, then we hear no more about the noble French taste for violence, only a series of snarls, or—perhaps rather more exactly

—of high-pitched effeminate screeches. Bloomsbury cannot stomach *that* sight.

Quite as revealing of the fantastic mental processes of Paul Johnson is his explanation as to why the students sought the involvement of the workers, a strategy he attributes to Cohn-Bendit, whom he calls, with an almost unbelievable infelicity of phrasing, "this jovial young Robespierre".

TEACHING GRANDMOTHERS!

Here is the argument: It is useless to remedy what is wrong with the universities if one does not remedy what is wrong with the adult world into which its young hoodlums will graduate. "What is the point of improving the structure of higher education by reformism if the rest of society remains the same?"

Johnson gives examples:

> "Can you reform the medical school without at the same time questioning the assumptions on which the medical profession is organised and the functions of medicine in society? How to 'improve' science courses without at the same time asking what science is supposed to do for mankind? Can you replan the Political Science Faculty without at the same time replanning the political system? After all, the university is the matrix of society, the institution which produces its élites, assumptions and objectives."

Bearing in mind that for the last half-century the *New Statesman* has provided the intellectual pabulum of the Left, can one wonder that we have been cursed with an unending series of disastrous Governments or that the mental and spiritual life of the nation should have run continuously to seed?

An adult society does not take its assumptions and objectives from its children. It does not look to the universities to produce an élite but to train youth to qualify for an élite already in being.

The true absurdity of the Johnson theme is to be found in those three examples. Young hopefuls anxious to secure medical degrees must first put their teachers right about the functions of medicine in society. Thereafter they may condescend to learn medicine. Before qualifying as scientists those who take a scientific course must first lay down the law as to the direction science should take. As for the Political Science Faculty, let it mark time while the first-year students decide upon the kind of political system they will be graciously pleased to operate.

These are the Thoughts of Mr. Paul Johnson. By inference they are also the Thoughts of Master Cohn-Bendit. It would have occurred to neither that a higher value would have been served had the young German Jew shown gratitude to the country which gave refuge to his parents when they fled from Germany in the 'thirties instead of organizing mob violence in the streets of Paris as a mark of his appreciation of sanctuary.

Before we have done with this precious couple—the Bloomsbury *flaneur* with his exquisite sense of revolutionary *style* and the unprepossessing young Jewish ingrate—there is one small matter that deserves mention. What seems to have sparked off the chain of events which brought prominence to Cohn-Bendit and gave Paul Johnson his occasion to gush about the sophistication of French revolutionaries was a dispute at Nanterre about facilities for men and women students to sleep together. How typical it is of bourgeois morality and rapacious capitalism not to have paid for the amenity of double-beds and the requisite linen!

Leaving behind the twilight world of Bloomsbury, we should now ask ourselves what was the real reason which led to the amok-run of the students of Paris. First let us face the fact that students in almost every country are subject to a multiplicity of tensions. Those clamouring for higher education are too numerous for the teaching facilities available, accommodation almost everywhere is inadequate, many of the studies pursued have little or no relevance to postgraduate careers, and the grants which the community provides are often barely enough to maintain the students during the three or four or more years of their university lives.

On top of all these problems there is the question, rarely put into words as to the validity of the modern, all-purposes university. True, the traditional Arts degree often enough had little direct bearing on the subsequent careers of graduates, but the thorough grounding in the classics which it provided at least had the merit of helping to lay the basis of well-stocked, balanced minds able to carry into the future a sense of historical perspective and some sense of the accumulated wisdom of the past. But what is bestowed by degrees in such subjects as Sociology and Political Science? Certainly not a tradition. Not even gratitude to the community for facilities which, however inadequate, at least represent in cash terms the fruits of other people's toil and sweat. Instead, there is constant political agitation, perpetual unrest and little or no mature guidance.

STUDENT TENSIONS

In such an atmosphere trouble-makers, who are to be found everywhere, find it easy when times are propitious to exploit resentment over grievances, either real or imagined, among the general body of students whose nerves are already on edge because of the ever-increasing tensions to which they are subjected. There is no need to look further than this for the cause of any normal demonstration of protest.

However, it does not hold good as an explanation of the international pattern of student violence which we now behold. There is every reason to suppose that what has become known as Student-Power, an inherently ludicrous concept, is being organised for purposes much deeper than even the most militant of the young puppies are likely to understand.

Student-power as such can exist only as long as Western society continues on the Gadarene slopes. When the long-delayed counter-revolution arrives, bringing with it the resurgence needed to restore sanity, the heads of universities who dither and temporize and surrender will speedily be replaced, the teachers who betray their trust by encouraging their charges to revolt will be jailed, and in the ensuing reappraisal the university system will be directly related to its main task, which should be not only vocational but the enrichment of the human mind along classical lines tailored to serve modern needs. Most grievances would be redressed in the process.

If there be no such counter-revolution, society will be placed ever more at the mercy of immature, undisciplined minds, and the nation which cannot cope with its children deserves to die an ignominious death.

Meanwhile the point to grasp is that the makers of world unrest have discovered the exposed nerve in the university life of the West, and how easy it is to play upon it to create collective hysteria. By such means was the delirium of the Sorbonne and Nanterre used to ignite the passions of the French workers, the strike of 8,000,000 of whom reduced the French economy to chaos. Nobody in his senses supposes that this was the product of a loud-mouthed young lout called Cohn-Bendit.

Where, then to look for the promoters? For an answer, one must assess the results of the turmoil. The one thing certain is that, contrary to the belief of dunderheads in Britain and elsewhere, there was no serious attempt to instigate a Second French Revolution. Before there can be a revolution there has to be a revolutionary situation, which does not obtain in present-day France. Mon General is still there, albeit with a general election on his hands. There is no procession of tumbrils through the French streets and no heads rolling in the sand.

But what did happen, with no accompanying benefit to the pound or the dollar, was a savage swipe at the franc. At the height of the crisis France utilized her special drawing rights on the International Monetary Fund to the tune of $745,000,000. The supreme result of the turbulence was thus to bring immeasurably nearer a single world currency to be manipulated by the I.M.F., and with it that international financial absolutism which threatens all mankind with slavery.

Of course neither Mr. Paul Johnson nor Master Cohn-Bendit would know anything about that.

MORE SIXTIES RUBBISH

"TO be fair, it is not only the erstwhile 'fun-revolutionaries' who seem to look back on the Sixties through the wrong end of a very long telescope. In a long interview headed 'This Is My New Crusade', Mrs. Thatcher talks about 'the ruinous social revolution of the Sixties' and how she is dedicating herself to 'removing the last vestiges of that decade's influence from our national life'. The article paints a glowingly nostalgic picture of how up to 1960 'old-fashioned Britain' was still a 'decidedly nice country', where people were still 'courteous, safe and secure'. Then came the awful Sixties, with Harold Wilson's Socialism and 'Swinging London', which overnight turned Britain into a nightmare land of tower blocks, soaring crime, comprehensive schools, permissiveness and surly young people.

"It all makes for a delightfully clear-cut morality story, along the lines of the expulsion from the Garden of Eden - until one comes to consider some of the finer historical details of the Prime Minister's case. Most of the changes she describes - from tower blocks and permissiveness to the soaring crime rate - in fact began to emerge in the affluent mid-Fifties, long before Harold Wilson and when the '13 years of Tory rule' still had a long way to run. On the other hand, the interview particularly excoriated the way 'the grammar schools were liquidated to make way for giant factory schools called comprehensives,' going on to say: 'Many accepted that this was the future. Margaret Thatcher was not one of them'. But was it not in the early Seventies that the wave of 'comprehensivisation' reached its peak? And was the Education Secretary then responsible not Mrs Thatcher herself?

"We may all know what the Prime Minister means when she uses the term 'the Sixties' as shorthand for a kind of dreadful disease from which the country has still made only fitful recovery. But if accurate diagnosis is a precondition of cure, we should not allow anamnesis to get too confused with amnesia."

Peter Simple in **The Daily Telegraph**, May 4th.

BATS IN THE EPISCOPAL BELFRY

by NOEL HUNT

ONE of our trendier bishops, one of those whose words and acts do so much to keep England's churches empty, has recently spotted a passing band-wagon. "On lissom, printless, clerical toe" he has swung aboard. From that eminence he now proceeds to pontificate. The burden of his song is that the recent changes in social benefits are "wicked".

Now, this is a very extraordinary statement from a Bishop. His knowledge of the Scriptures is almost certainly greater than that of the average layman. So he must know, as indeed do a great many laymen, that the highest possible authority has told us: "For the poor always ye have with you" (John 12:8). In other words, no earthly goverment can finally and completely eradicate poverty. His Lordship, however, is happy to ignore this explicit statement by his Master. In typical liberal, humanist fashion he argues that the problem of poverty can be solved by earthly governments. In his view, since the Prime Minister has failed to solve this problem to His Lordship's satisfaction, she and her Government are "wicked". Possibly the Government is misguided, possibly its approach to the problem is erroneous; but "wicked"? Surely not. The fact that the Prime Minister has failed to solve a problem which Our Lord Himself stated categorically was insoluble is enough to make her "wicked" in His Lordship's eyes. Arrogance and hubris could hardly go further.

Inevitable Winners And Losers

The fact is that the Government has, as it does annually, allocated a certain sum from revenue for the relief of poverty. There were rules setting out the conditions on which this money could be disbursed to the needy. The wickedness of the Government seems to lie, in His Lordship's eyes, in the fact that these rules have recently been altered. Since they are made by men, the rules are of course imperfect and their application will be in some cases unjust. Inevitably, there will be winners and losers, as it were. Some will draw more money from the State, some less. His Lordship does not complain that some will be better off. He does not ask whether the increases are justified or necessary. He merely welcomes them without a word of objection. His charge of wickedness refers to the cases of those who will receive less. These payments may in the past have been made to people who did not in fact need them. This does not concern His Lordship. The payments may have been made as the result of fraud and falsity. Once again His Lordship is unmoved. The payments were made in the past: they have now in some cases been altered or stopped. It seems to be this which, in His Lordship's eyes, makes the Government wicked. The reduction or cancellation of the payments is seen as wicked, regardless of whether or not the change is justified.

This attitude is as ridiculous as that of the old-time dedicated trades unionist, who holds it as an article of faith that once a job has been created, no matter how trifling or unnecessary, it must never, ever be abolished. Nor may the wage for the job be reduced, though of course annual increases are expected. His Lordship would seem to argue that once a welfare payment has been made it may never thereafter cease. Increases in the amount paid are acceptable, never reductions. If the

issues were put as bluntly as this either to a cleric or a trades unionist, the response would no doubt be a dense cloud of cant and hypocrisy. Yet that will only obscure the facts, not alter them.

The fact is that society has, through Parliament, decided how much it will spend this financial year on what it is fashionable to call "the under-privileged". Society has also, through the same agency, set out the rules governing the payment of this money. It would have acted irresponsibly had it done otherwise. His Lordship is entitled to argue that the amounts paid are too small, just as I am entitled to argue that they are too large and to point out that the sum allocated by this "wicked" Government to public charity has in fact increased. There is nothing in the least "wicked" about fixing the sum to be spent on the needy. Nor is there anything in the least wicked about setting out the conditions on which payments will be made.

Alms For The Poor

If His Lordship is so concerned over the woes of those who will now receive less, then he has a great opportunity to carry out his duty as the shepherd of his flock. All Christians are enjoined to pay as tithes - that is, as alms - one tenth of their earnings. There is nothing to prevent His Lordship approaching all Christians in his diocese, whether church-goers or not, to remind them of their Christian obligations and collect their tithes. This money can then be put to use in alleviating cases of hardship brought to the attention of the Church. If he and his subordinate clergy are not already operating an efficient system for the collection of tithes, perhaps his Lordship has been remiss? He can now ask for forgiveness and address himself to the task. Perhaps one could point out, with the deepest respect, that His Lordship is comfortably housed and paid to preach the gospel of Christ to all, including those who have strayed, to lead them back to the Church, and to collect their tithes.

Nor is this the only useful task awaiting His Lordship's attention. Today's Anglican Church is nothing if not ecumenical. Let His Lordship reflect that the Jew and the Muslim, even as the Christian, are enjoined to pay a tenth of their earnings to charity. Let him approach his opposite numbers in these faiths and propose that they all work together to minimise the "wickedness" of which he complains. Of course, it may well transpire that the Jews, very sensibly, will wish to keep their own alms for their own people. The Muslims, too, may equally sensibly wish to care for their own with their own money. Presumably this could only be pleasing to His Lordship. Once reassured that the needy of other religions are being cared for by their spiritual leaders, he will be free to concentrate his efforts on those to whom he is in fact there to minister.

May we venture earnestly to commend this course of action to His Lordship? If vigorously pursued it might not only fill his coffers but his church as well. Perhaps he, or some other convinced Christian, would care to explain just why this course should not be adopted forthwith?

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CUT AND THRUST

by JANUS

WE are certainly an extraordinary nation. Instead of being down on our knees in gratitude that our valiant S.A.S. men prevented a hideous atrocity in Gibraltar, here we are beating our breasts and tormenting our consciences over whether they acted "correctly" in bumping off three ruthless I.R.A. terrorists. They were not warned! They were not challenged! They could have been taken prisoner! Isn't this rather like a boxing match in which one opponent can use knives, bottles and knuckle-dusters to his heart's content, while the other has to fight to Queensbury rules with one hand tied behind his back? Don't the bleeding hearts of I.T.V. and the B.B.C. realise that Mairead Farrell and her two accomplices were members of an armed enemy force who were, in their own words, "on active service" against the Crown?

On a recent **Any Answers** broadcast a listener's letter made an excellent point about that Amnesty International intention to hold an enquiry into the Gibraltar killings. She asked, "How can dead people be amnestied?" Very good! No-one else seems to have remembered that Amnesty's sphere of interest has been the human rights of prisoners of conscience or political prisoners (except John Tyndall or Joe Pearce!). She concluded her short letter by saying that if Amnesty makes the big extension of their activities suggested by the current probe into the deaths of those who had met their end by violence, obviously enquiries into all I.R.A. killings would be among the required investigations. In particular, we await news of Amnesty's indignation over the dozens of British soldiers, U.D.R. troops and R.U.C. policemen who have been shot in the back without warning in Northern Ireland. It was Sir Arnold Lunn who coined the phrase "Selective Indignation". How very wise and percipient of him.

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PATRIOTISM varies from one person to another. Some are willing to die in defence of their country; others are not. Of late years we have seen the emergence of what might be called the Un-patriots. They are the people who say in effect, "My country, Right or Wrong is always Wrong". They will always favour the other side. They will back the I.R.A., for instance against Britain; they will back Russia against the West; they will back any foreigners against our own people; they will back coloured against white; and if we should ever be invaded from Outer Space, they will back Mars or Venus against Earth! In the past it was largely intellectual snobbery: music, painting, opera, ballet, even cookery - in every field we were inferior to other countries. Now, however, it is more serious and they are more dangerous. Behaviour which in wartime would have been seen, rightly enough, as treachery and punished accordingly, is now quite acceptable in some quarters. "Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason? If it prosper, none dare call it treason." And it prospers. And how!

* * * *

FRANCES Kissling believes that abortion should be a matter for "individual conscience". A private matter to be kept well away from the jurisdiction of the courts. It is an unusual point of view for one who

purports to be a practising Catholic, but then "Ms." Kissling is an unusual sort of Catholic. President of an American organisation, "Catholics for a Free Choice", she was invited by the British Women's Reproductive Rights Campaign to do a speaking tour of Britain last month, including putting her case at the Friends Meeting House. Would the Quakers host a meeting for those who advocated "war as a free choice"? We doubt it! The Friends call acts of war "murder", do they not? Yet doesn't that label also cover the heinous crime of taking the human life of the unborn? We doubt if the Quakers would give us an unequivocal answer. Nor, probably, would Frances Kissling if anyone challenged her to form her own Protestant sect since she so evidently believes in "the primacy of individual conscience" over the traditional teaching of the Catholic Church on this matter.

* * * *

IT is not very long since laws against homosexuality were removed and private actions, as long as they remained private, were allowed. How far we have moved in such a short time! We now have teachers demanding that homosexuality and lesbianism be encouraged in schools, approved of and presented as normal and reasonable to youngsters at a most impressionable age; friendship between two persons of the same sex will become impossible and even normal love, in the Christian sense, will be replaced by crude sex. At present, child sex, incest and rape are illegal and can be punished by prison sentences. Can we look forward to a time when paedophilia is acceptable (after all, we are assured that children mature much more quickly than in former years) and incest is merely a form of family affection? As for rape, that seems to be more popular than ever and why should anyone be denied his perfectly legitimate desires because of the gross selfishness of the narrow-minded?

* * * *

MISS Zola Budd, the South African-born runner has now become a British citizen; however, if she takes part in a race she is liable to be abused and even assaulted. There are also strong objections to her appearing in the Olympics or the Commonwealth Games. Indeed, that curious character Mr. Robert Adley, the Tory M.P. for Christchurch, strongly supports the ban on Zola, blasting her as "nothing but a running mercenary for apartheid"! Two thoughts occur to us. If she were coloured she would be welcome anywhere and applauded. It follows that the reason she isn't is her colour (white) - a clear case of racial discrimination that should be reported to the Race Relations Board, though what the response would be we would not like to say. The second point is that if, instead of a young, slightly built girl, the one in question were a nineteen stone weight-lifter, the assaults by the anti-apartheid bully-boys would be absent and the Adley-pated rantings of the Member for Christchurch would be made from a very great distance!

* * * *

WE must confess to a chuckle when we hear Israeli soldiers saying that they don't like the duty they have to do in beating Arab children but, after all, they are only following orders. Doesn't that sound a little familiar? Wasn't that what the German soldiers were supposed to be doing in the 1940s? But then we mustn't talk about that. They lost. If you win, you are only following orders and doing what it takes to win. But if you lose... Winners write the books; losers have to read them.

STATUE FOR SQUARE

THERE'S an empty plinth in Trafalgar Square,
For one-fifty years it has been there
Waiting for someone to mount in stone
A him or a her who has sat the throne
Of England or even the latter day
Link-up of nationals, presumed 'U.K.'

There's an empty plinth in Trafalgar Square,
But otherwise many in London where,
Mounted, the regals, the lordly, the learned,
Are effigies metal and stone discerned.
For history's losers, no statued place,
And contemporary clowns find no air-space.

Perhaps, for a change in Trafalgar Square,
Give a real live twit a chance to stare
In stony presence, with frozen smile,
The leader, the Liberal of cock-eyed style;
Astride, say, a zebra with spurs to heel,
Political parody, David Steel!

But seriously in Trafalgar Square
Diesel all fumey, polluted air
Embellish a plinth ingloriously
Respect the invisible irony!
Better beholding a Lady Jane Grey
Or an Eighth Edward - reigns both 'failed stay'.

Four-square the perches where pigeons squat
With the lapsed, the limp and the tommy-rot;
The farcical better than frightful choice
As sponsored by Steel of uncertain voice
King of the beasts of another kind
Enough to rage lofty Nelson blind.

B.E. BIGGS.

WHEN asked by **The Sunday Telegraph** who he would like to see standing on the large, empty plinth in the north-west corner of Trafalgar Square, David Steel replied, "Chief Albert Luthuli, one of the first leading lights of the African National Congress would be the most appropriate ...as the people in the South African Embassy could look out on it."

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